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ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS.

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> NEW LONDON: JOHN R. BOLLES.

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EVENING SONG.

WILIGHT dews are on the roses, Little birds are in the nest, On the green the lamb reposes— Rest thee, little darling, rest.

While my babe is sweetly sleeping, Silent stars are bright above, And the angels' eyes are keeping Over thee their watch of love.

Precious child! may that blest Saviour Who for us a child was born, Guard thee now and guard thee ever—Keep thee safely, night and morn!

LULLABY.

HERE, lullaby, and let my baby sleep;
The lids are falling on his bright blue eyes,
The silken lashes almost touch his cheek,
As on my bosom peacefully he lies.
Lullaby, lullaby!

Robin, sing sweetly on the garden wall,
And, little wren, upon the lattice sing;
Sing a sweet song for baby, one and all,
While I with a low voice am murmuring,
Lullaby, lullaby!

MY BABY.

H, my dear little baby!
How quiet he lies,
Like a star on my bosom,
A star of the skies.

A rose-bud just peeping,
Of delicate hue,
A sweet little song-bird,
A drop of bright dew.

No, it is not a song-bird,
A dew-drop, or star,
But something more precious
And lovelier far.

It's a dear little baby,
To smile and to weep,
So winsome, so helpless—
I've sung it to sleep!

THE STAR.

P in the sky, ever so high,
A beautiful star is beaming
Softly and bright, all the night,
While baby in bed is dreaming.

Peep, little eyes, up to the skies,
The star's above the hill,
The wind below rocks the trees to and fro,
But the star twinkles over them still.

Hear the fire sparkle, Sparkle and roar; Hear the wind whistle, Whistle out door.

See the stars twinkle, See the bright moon, Hear the bells tinkle, Tinkle a tune.

Out in the stable,

Back of the house,
There sleep the cattle,
Oxen and cows.

Pussy is purring, Purring away; Johnny is tired, Tired of play.

Johnny, come nestle
Up in my lap;
I'll tell a story,
And he'll take a nap.





THE ROBINS.

WO little robins made a nest—
'Twas in the warm spring weather;
They built it out of sticks and straws
And little bits of feather.

It was upon an apple bough,
With blossoms all around it;
So neatly wove and fitted in
That no one ever found it.

And there four little birds lay hid,
With nice green leaves to shield them,
And there they peeped and flapped about,
And well the old ones fed them.

And there these little robins grew,
Grew prettier and stronger;
They're now so big they can not stay
Within the nest much longer.

So I expect, some pleasant day,
The old ones will be trying
To teach these cunning little birds
The pretty art of flying.

And when they learn to fly along From one tree to another, There'll be a general burst of song From all the birds together.

COME TO ME.

ITTLE Johnny, come to me,
Baby bright and cheery;
You've been playing all around
Till your feet are weary.

Come and sit upon my knee,
You may rest a minute;
Ah! you want to stroke my hair—
I fear there's mischief in it.

Yes, you are too full of fun;
I can see it twinkle
In your eyes, you little rogue—
In each rosy dimple.

Don't you want to hear mamma
Tell some pretty stories
About the birds and butterflies
Upon the morning glories?

Who is coming, by-and-by?
Listen, darling, listen—
When papa comes to the door,
How your eyes will glisten!

Hark! and hear the robins sing, Hear the bees a-humming; Hark! and hear the gate unlatch When papa is coming.

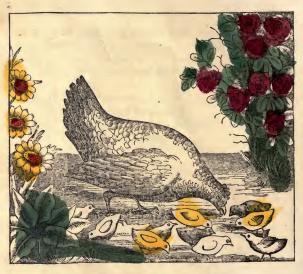
THE NOSEGAY.

SWEET wild rose, a buttercup,
Fresh grass, and a violet blue,
A daisy white, and a clover-top,
All wet with morning dew.
'Twas Mary gathered and tied them up,
As she played where the violets grew.

I love the rose, with its leaves so red,
And the fragrant lily bells,
The buttercup, with its golden shade,
And the clover with honey cells,
The grass so green beneath my tread,
And the violet in the dells.

She tied them up, in her childish play,
With a grass-blade for a string.
Just then a butterfly so gay
She 'spied upon the wing,
And Mary, with her sweet bouquet,
Followed with joyful spring.





SPECKLED HEN.

ERE'S the speckled hen, only see,
With her pretty chickens, one, two,
three—
One, two, three, four, and five;
Little creatures, all alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten—
Well done, speckled hen!

Well done, speckled hen!
Black and yellow, brown and white—
Who ever saw a finer sight!
The old hen, with busy feet,
Scratches up crumbs for them to eat,
And each little chick
Goes pick, pick, pick,
They mind their mother so very quick.

And when the hawk comes hovering near,
The speckled hen gives a cry of fear,
And the little chickens, every one,
Up to her in a moment run,
Safely hide beneath her wings.
Oh! the nice old speckled hen,
With her pretty chickens ten.

LULLABY.

HERE, lullaby, and I will sing to you
A little song about a yellow bird
That made a nest upon a currant bush,
And sung the sweetest that you ever heard,
Lullaby, lullaby!

There were two little birds that built the nest;
One sat and sung upon the garden wall,
The other, with her warm and downy breast,
Covered the eggs so beautiful and small.
Lullaby, lullaby!

One day some little birds came peeping out,
And then they opened wide their mouths for food;
The yellow birds flew down and skipped about,
And brought them something very nice and good.
Lullaby, lullaby!

And so they grew and grew, till puss, one day,
Tore down the pretty nest with sudden rush,
But Johnny saw, and took the birds away,
And placed them in the nest, back on the bush.
Lullaby, lullaby!

The old ones found them safe, poor trembling things;
They smoothed and fed them, and that very day
They taught them how to spread their little wings,
And 'mong the garden trees to soar away.
Lullaby, lullaby?

SNOW.

HE snow, the snow is coming, So graceful and light, All over every thing, Beautiful and white.

A thousand, thousand snow-flakes, They're swimming in the air; They fall upon the cherry-trees, And hang like blossoms there.

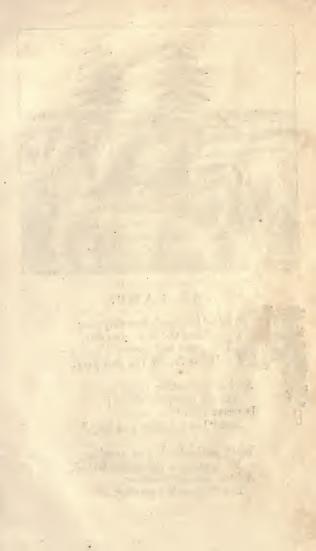
They are coming, coming, coming,
As far as I can see;
They light like little fairy birds.

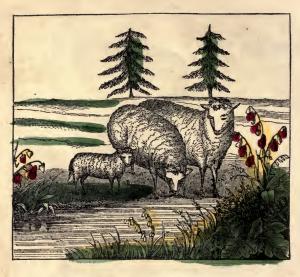
They 'light, like little fairy birds, Upon the old oak tree.

Each flake of snow is pretty—
A spangle or a gem;
But they melt away in dew-drops—
I can not treasure them.

They melt beneath the sunbeam, They sink into the ground, And where they vanish, by-and-by, Sweet flowers will be found,

And I am told they moisten
And make the flowrets grow;
So, welcome, very welcome,
Are the gentle flakes of snow.





THE LAMB.

About the field, one day,
The grass and daisies nipping—
'Twas full of fun and play.

And so it went on playing
Among the quiet sheep;
It never heard the saying,
Just "Look before you leap."

Well, as the lamb was speeding,
With many a lightsome bound,
A little bank unheeding,
It fell upon the ground.

Poor lammie! what a pity
One little foot is hurt,
And the face that was so pretty
Is covered with the dirt!

But up, and never mind it;
A little brook is near—
Among the grass you'll find it—
The water's cool and clear.

I guess you will feel better—
Step in and take a drink;
That shallow brook of water,
With flowers around the brink.

LULLABY.



WOMAN gently rocks her easy chair,
With a sweet infant lying on her breast,
The gentle motion waving her long hair,
As thus she sings her little one to rest,
Lullaby, lullaby!

Another twilight, and my heart is thrilled
Still with thy living beauty; angel feet
This day have trod our threshold, but to shield,
And not to bear thee hence, my baby sweet.
Lullaby, lullaby!

One radiant star is shining in the west,
A softer radiance is in thine eyes;
Upon the slender stalk the blossoms rest—
A sweeter blossom on my bosom lies.
Lullaby, lullaby!

All thou mayest be I dare not image now,
As thou in life shalt bear an earnest part;
Only I pray that on thy spotless brow
The seal of heaven be set, and true thy heart,
Lullaby, lullaby!

The dew is falling, and the leaves are stirred With a low whispering of love and power, And thou art sleepy now, my nestling bird, Shut thy blue eyes as softly shuts the flower.

Lullaby, lullaby!

HYMN.

OD who is in heaven
Made all the pretty flowers,
He sends the pleasant sunshine,
And sends the dripping showers.

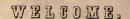
He made all living creatures,
And the earth to bring forth food,
And we will love and praise him,
For he is very good.

2.

EEP us in the midnight,
Saviour dear,
Through the hours of darkness,
Oh, be thou near!

Powerless and lowly,
We lean on thy arm—
Watcher of Israel,
Keep us from harm!





THERE comes a little bird
In at the door;
Do see! Upon my word,
It's on the floor.

Little bird, come and stay;
Here you are welcome,
Or you may fly away
To your own home.

I will give you bread,
Much as you say;
After you have fed,
You may skip away.

There, on the cherry-tree, Build your downy nest, Or in any other That you like best.

Little birds, pretty birds, Come to my door; If you have no words, Sing out for more!